

# Victory Verses

by  
LAURA MOORE WRIGHT

*Inspired by  
Speeches and Events of the  
World War*



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1942

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# Victory Verses

By Laura Moore Wright

## List of Contents

Into the Storm.....	inside front cover
All Out Effort.....	inside front cover
God Help Us Now.....	page 1
France Shall Rise.....	2
Canada Awake.....	3
My Dream.....	4
Rolling On Together.....	5
For Right and Freedom, No Matter Where.....	6
After Our Trials Comes Victory.....	7
The Walls of England.....	8
England as a Beacon Stands.....	9
World of Tomorrow.....	10
America Awake.....	11
In the Watches of the Night, New Year.....	12
The World at Stake, Our Watchword.....	13
God Be With Us, In the Watches of the Night.....	14
Hitler, A Fact.....	15
Home-makers' Verses, Rolling On Together.....	16
Let Us Rest in the Arms of the Lord.....	16
Babes On the Deep.....	17
Ships Are Bearing News to Me.....	18
Ships Are Sailing.....	18
From Their Islands, Radio and You.....	19
In That Night at Waterloo.....	20
Embarking at Dunkirk.....	21
The Heart of Ireland.....	22
Greece's Glory.....	23
London in the Front Line Stands.....	24
Greece's Glorious Defeat.....	25
When Stars Are Falling.....	26
Winston Churchill Rose.....	27
Marching On Together.....	27
One Man.....	28
The Fate of the Jervis Bay.....	29
Swedish Ship, God Struck the Blow.....	30
That Unholy Picture.....	31
London's Second Fire.....	33
They Shall Sing, In the Isles of the Sea.....	34
America Has Spoken, Just Plain Dumb.....	35
To Russia.....	36
The Russian Bear.....	inside back cover
Our Freedoms.....	inside back cover

Star of Hope

Freedom's Tide

This Canada of Ours

## *Into the Storm*

The many peoples of this earth  
Now find themselves allied  
On the side of Right or the side of Wrong:  
There is no other side.

We must leave the harbor's shelter,  
Driven outward by the tide;  
And learn to steer our ship with skill,  
On the ocean deep and wide.

Into the Storm, and through the Storm,  
Is where we now must ride:  
Into the Storm, and through the Storm,  
And out on the other side.

We feel we cannot help, but win,  
For God will be our guide.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by the words: "We must go into the Storm, and through the Storm," with which Winston Churchill ended his speech of February, 1942.*

## *All-out Effort*

We have been too complacent:  
We do not seem to know;  
We must make an all-out effort,  
If we would beat the foe.

We think, because we won before,  
That we will win again;  
But is our spirit roused up now,  
As it was roused up then?

For the European gangsters,  
We now must lay a trap;  
And, while we are engaged in that,  
We must also beat the Jap.

Of all that lies behind us,  
And of all that lies before,  
The most important thing right now  
Is "We must win This War!"

\* \* \*

*Inspired by the words: "We must win This War," with which President Roosevelt ended his speech of March 8th, 1942.*



## Let Us Rise: Let Us Sing

By LAURA MOORE WRIGHT

Tune: God Save the King

### Let Us Rise

Home-makers, let us rise!

The World before us lies:

Hear now her cries.

Help her win Victory!

And let her Happy be!

Down now with slavery!

God make her Free.

Home-makers, let us rise!

In jeopardy now lies

All that we prize.

Fight now for Liberty,

That all the World be Free.

God, Thou our Anchor be!

Give Victory.

\* \* \*

*Written for Grassy Creek Home-makers' Club. This song may be sung by any group without practice, as everybody knows the tune. Instead of Home-makers, use the words citizens, young people, etc., to suit the group.*

### Let Us Sing

Home-makers, let us sing!

Winds to our song give wing:

Let the World ring.

Sing now of Liberty,

And work for Victory:

God helping us, now we

The World shall Free.

## V VICTORY VERSES

By LAURA MOORE WRIGHT

including

### Let Us Rise: Let Us Sing

and

### Signs and Symbols of Victory

Price 24c plus 1c Education Tax. 25c Postpaid.

Let Us Rise: Let Us Sing—1c each

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SHAUNAVON, Sask.

# Signs and Symbols of Victory

By ERNEST E. KIRSTEIN

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*The quotations and poems on this sheet are by Ernest E. Kirstein, and are included in "Victory Verses" with the kind permission of the author because of their Messages for Victory.*



## *A Thought*

Isaiah 24:14, 15—"They shall sing for the Majesty of the Lord . . . in the Isles of the Sea".

---

## *Victory by Britain*

O joy! Truth and Benevolence doth reign;  
To overthrow desecration and all wicked gain—

The ignorant "Hun", as often so, choose  
A hallowed sign, to wrongly abuse,  
The swastika emblem, revered by many  
Wise men, yet therein nothing's uncanny.

That Hun's ambition shall finally fail  
Is revealed in "Swastika" by a clear detail:  
"He who uses me rightly," is swastika's claim,  
"Love, justice, peace, and protection, shall gain."

So, submissively, cheerily, hopefully, we sing  
That "The Isles of the Sea" Victory will bring.

\* \* \*

"The Isles of the Sea"—Great Britain.

## *A Thought*

The "Dragon" usurpation is ending.  
The Prophet Isaiah 59:19 says: "When the enemy  
(the dragon in Scripture) shall come in like a  
flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a stand-  
ard against him."

---

## *The Lord's Standard*

**He** struggled to gather his Dragon forces;  
**Issued** a law to collect much resources;  
**To** make a fierce slaughter and kill the World's  
peace,  
**Living** as monster his mandates to increase,  
**Eager** and anxious to swallow all:  
**Reason** demented, 'is causing his fall.

In church—on the hill, is the Spirit of the Lord,  
Maketh a harmony of hearts in one accord;  
There are men, women, and all in one vanguard,  
Carrying banners to V, which is the Lord's Standard.

. . . V —

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God Help Us Now:  
(a Prayer)

God help us now in this dark hour,  
When battle clouds around us lour.  
Oh, save us from fair France's fate,  
Crushed 'neath the heel of war and hate.  
Our faith is in Thee, our need is great.  
Help us to stand clothed in Thy power:  
God help us now.

Oh Living God, Thy people bless,  
And help us now in our distress.  
Help us to battle for the right,  
Help us these Godless hordes to fight,  
Help us to conquer in Thy might  
And glory in Thy righteousness.  
Be Thou our Light.

Oh God, awake Thy people's zeal  
Ere crushed beneath the tyrant's heel.  
God help the people of Thy world,  
And back the Nazi hordes be hurled  
That freedom's flag may stand unfurled,  
And let those Godless people feel  
Thy righteous wrath.

Oh God, Thy people's backbone be,  
And give us strength to fight for Thee.  
To Thee we pray, of Thee we sing,  
While back the Nazi hordes we fling:  
That through the world Thy praise may ring,  
And all Thy people may be free  
To worship Thee.

O God, who all around us art,  
Oh God, who dwells within our heart,  
The powers of darkness we assail:  
Armed with Thy Strength, we cannot fail:  
Strong in Thy Power, we must prevail:  
Oh from our side do never part:  
Be Thou our Help.

\* \* \*

Inspired by these words: "The hour is dark and the need is great", spoken by Wickham Steed on the broadcast, "Britain Speaks", near the end of June, 1940, just after France surrendered.

## France Shall Rise

Although great France now prostrate lies,  
Crushed 'neath the tyrant's heel;  
Yet, underneath her smiling skies,  
The soul of France again shall rise.  
Her hands they tie, her lips they seal,  
They cannot crush her soul;  
And all the world for her doth feel,  
And hopes to see restored her weal.  
Her destiny shall be fulfilled;  
Her sons a greater France shall build.

For freedom France has often fought;  
For freedom, yet shall fight.  
Though in the back-flow often caught,  
Her people yet for freedom wrought.  
Though crushed today is France's might;  
Her sons shall break her chains:  
And yet again upon our sight,  
Her star shall rise in freedom's right.  
Her destiny shall be fulfilled;  
Her sons a greater France shall build.

No longer France in freedom sings  
Of death and victory.  
The Marseillaise no longer rings—  
Too sad the thoughts that now it brings.  
When exiled patriots strike that key,  
It dies upon the breath:  
But they again shall sing it free,  
And liberty in France shall be.  
Home then will be her exiled men,  
And France shall sing it with them then.

Some of us yet shall see the day,  
When France again is free:  
When, once again beneath her sway,  
She right and freedom champion may.  
When that day dawns, and its dawn shall be;  
The soul of France will turn,  
With comprehension kind and free,  
To those Frenchmen where'er they be,  
Who, in great France's darkest hour,  
Despaired not the Republic's power.

\* \* \*

*The first and second verses were inspired by France's past.  
The third verse by a speech of Leslie Howard's, and the  
fourth verse by a speech of Winston Churchill's, in the  
summer of 1940.*

## *Canada Awake!*

While Germany's ruthless inhuman tide  
Was spreading itself upon every side,  
The other countries were slow to wake  
To the fact their liberty was at stake;  
And an effort for their freedom make  
Before their hands were tied.

That the battle of France was fought and lost,  
Full dearly will it the British cost.  
With the foes within, and on every side,  
With her country so torn, and her soul so tried,  
Who France can blame, that for peace she cried,  
And victory away was tossed.

Far better Paris had been burned,  
Than over to the enemy turned.  
Renaud wished Paris to defend,  
And blood for every building spend:  
The world had come France to defend;  
The tide of battle turned.

But, were it to the enemy turned;  
It far, far better had been burned,  
And teach to tyrants once again  
The lesson Napoleon learned, when  
Moscow broke into flames before him and his men  
When Russia her capital to the enemy turned.

Where, where, was Canada then?  
It was the coolness of her men,  
Who in the Great War fought and died,  
Which helped to turn the battle's tide;  
And victory brought to France's side  
At Verdun, Ypres, and Amiens.

Too long did France for our help await,  
While the German tide did not abate:  
The War Machine sped on with haste,  
And laid her towns and country waste.  
With a ruthless tyrant she was faced,  
While our help was slow and late.

Had we but realized France's need,  
And sent our help to her with speed,  
Our strength with hers 'gainst the enemy thrown,  
Instead of letting her fight it alone;  
It had been for our good as well as her own,  
Had we been quick in deed.

A foothold on the continent,  
How much to us it might have meant!  
To push the war into Germany's heart,  
And let her feel a little part  
Of the suffering she loves to start,  
And to others so oft has sent.

"The hour is dark and the need is great";  
Then let us not in our zeal abate;  
But roused be each heart that is noble and true,  
And what we can with our might let us do,  
That we for peace may never sue,  
Nor share in France's fate.

Let us fight the war-torn world to restore  
To a semblance of what it was before;  
That we not only may be free,  
But every country free may be:  
That the world be free from slavery,  
To live in peace evermore.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by these words: "The hour is dark and the need is great", spoken by Wickham Steed on the broadcast, "Britain Speaks", near the end of June, 1940, just after France surrendered.*

---

## My Dream

One morning ere I did awake,  
While all in slumber bound,  
Possession of me a dream did take;  
And there before me I found  
A giant man, who as Europe seemed,  
Lying helplessly sprawled on the ground.

A small man, who Satan or Hitler seemed,  
On the big man did pound and hack,  
In his hand a hammer or hatchet gleamed,  
And Europe groaned at each whack.  
In horror I gazed, but myself I deemed  
Helpless to stop the attack.

A voice called me from the sky it would seem,  
Asking me why I didn't do  
Something, then I wakened from my dream  
And wondered what I could do.  
When these songs began to come to me,  
I felt then that I knew.

## *Rolling on Together*

(A Mississippi River Song)

### *Rolling Along*

The English-speaking nations  
Are alike in voice and heart:  
And, today, between those nations,  
We see a friendship start;  
Which will go on forever,  
And from them never part.

The United States and Canada  
Are growing more and more  
In friendship bound together  
Than e'er they were before:  
They are fighting God's own battle,  
Joined in this cruel war.

While Satan, in his evil,  
Across the world doth roam;  
God would not see his people  
Forth driven from their home;  
So his soldiers come together,  
In rivers cross the foam.

God is gathering from his world  
The soldiers for his side,  
And against the wrong has hurled  
Them in a living tide;  
Against their great endeavor,  
~~No~~ evil can abide:

They are rolling on together,  
In a tide that's great and strong:  
Like the Mississippi River,  
It just keeps rolling along.  
Rolling along, rolling along,  
It just keeps rolling along.

\* \* \*

Inspired by these words: "Like the Mississippi River, they just keep on rolling along", with which Wickham Steed ended a broadcast in August, 1940, in which he repeated Winston Churchill's words on the growing friendship of the English-speaking nations in general and of the United States and Canada in particular. Of course Mr. Steed was referring to "Old Man River". Next morning the words of his speech just kept rolling along in my mind and formed themselves into this song. Soon after I added the third and fourth stanzas. During the fall of 1940 I sent copies of this song, set to music, along with others, to a number of people. During 1941 I sent copies to music publishers in the United States.

## *For Right and Freedom*

We trust that Freedom will abide;  
And this we know, whate'er betide,  
Our God is fighting on our side:  
Although the way ahead is dim,  
We know that still we walk with Him.  
We fight not for ourselves alone,  
But that the world may Freedom own.  
Our God, who watches from above,  
And all the world, who freedom love,  
Give help and courage to our hand:  
Their hearts, with us in our island,  
Now firm for Right and Freedom stand.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by King George's speech of September 23, 1940.*

## *No Matter Where.....Our God is There*

Although we be no matter where  
We still are in God's loving care;  
And, though through dangerous ways we fare,  
We know that still our God is there.  
He lends us of His strength and power  
To help us through the trying hour.

Through blackest night He with us flies  
To find the pit where Satan lies;  
And, when our plane the darkness covers,  
It is God's spirit round us hovers:  
And, when on Hell our bombs we throw,  
It is God's hand which aims the blow.

Although we be no matter where,  
We still are in God's loving care;  
And, when in death we fall asleep,  
He will be there our soul to keep:  
And we, who fight God's battle, know  
That He at last will lay His foe.

No matter where, no matter where;  
Our God is there, our God is there.  
Though death and ruin rain around,  
Yet in His love is comfort found.  
No matter where, no matter where;  
Our God is there, our God is there.

\* \* \*

*Written on Prayer Sunday, September 8th, 1940.*

## *After Our Trials Comes Victory*

Ahead is the winter dark and cold:  
Its scroll is yet to be unrolled.  
We know not what the winter may bring,  
But after the winter comes the spring.  
What fate for us it may unfold,  
Is yet a story to be told;  
But we stand for freedom true and bold.  
Though many may die that we may be free,  
Yet, after our trials are over, we  
Know that awaiteth Victory.

Though from our landscape we may miss  
Many an historic edifice,  
And many a smaller one as dear,  
When spring again comes to us here;  
Our ranks may be thinner, too, we fear  
By many a loved one to us dear:  
Yet God will help our barque to steer.  
Though many may die that we may be free,  
Yet, after our trials are over, we  
Know that awaiteth Victory.

Whatever comes, in God we trust:  
Let trials come then, if they must;  
We stand to meet them unafraid,  
Would rather see our cities laid  
In ashes and ruins, our country made  
Into a grave, than they should stand  
To quake beneath a tyrant's hand.  
Though many may die that we may be free,  
Yet, after our trials are over, we  
Know that awaiteth Victory.

We can but trust in God, as I do,  
And the spirit of our people, who  
Would rather fill a freeman's grave,  
Than live to be a tyrant's slave.  
We fight our island home to save,  
We fight for all who freedom love,  
And for our God who dwells above.  
Though many may die that we may be free,  
Yet, after our trials are over, we  
Know that awaiteth Victory.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by these words: "The winter lies before us, cold and dark; but, after the winter, comes the spring, and, after our trials, comes Victory." Spoken by His Majesty, King George on September 23rd, 1940; and it is woven almost entirely of the words and ideas of his speech.*

## Walls of England

Wherever, on the ocean tide,  
The ships of England's navy ride,  
There are the walls of England found.  
Those walls her island home surround,  
And near and far her empire bound.  
Now England stands with compressed lips  
Firmly behind her wall of ships.  
Wherever, on the ocean wide,  
The ships of the Royal Navy ride,  
There England's walls float on the tide.

Where men of the Royal Air Force fly;  
There are the walls of England's sky;  
So strong to do and brave to dare,  
When they give battle in the air  
To enemies who venture there.  
And England's battle in the sky  
Is fought by living walls that fly.  
Wherever, soaring through the sky,  
The ships of the Royal Air Force fly,  
There are the walls of England's sky.

Now England is surrounded by  
Her walls that float and walls that fly.  
Behind those walls the home guard stands  
To guard her buildings and her lands  
From falling into tyrants' hands.  
So those who dare to enter there  
Will find her walls are everywhere.  
But not of stones and crumbling sands  
Are made the walls which guard her lands:  
The walls of Britain are hearts and hands.

When Nazis come to Britain's shore,  
Or in the air above her soar,  
The navy welcomes them with care,  
The air force greets them in the air,  
The guard will, too, their welcome share.  
A welcome warm is waiting them  
In every town from British men,  
Made up of British hearts and hands,  
Together bound by loving bands,  
The living wall of Britain stands.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by these words: "The navy is England's walls,"  
spoken by Walter Wright, in discussing the reference to  
the walls of London in the speech of the King, Sept. 23,  
1940.*



## *England as a Beacon Stands*

Though Europe has gone down in night,  
Before vile usurpation's might,  
Though winter's frosts have chilled her bones,  
And vainly in her chains she moans;  
Of yore her heart for freedom fought,  
And Liberty with blood she bought:  
And was that blood then shed for nought?  
Though tramped beneath an age so dark,  
That ne'er the Sun a like did mark;  
Yet in her heart lives freedom's spark:  
Still England as a Beacon stands,  
And sends her Light to those dark lands.

Although a tyrant, in his rage,  
Tramp out the light of freedom's age;  
Yet, he, who fights to uphold wrong,  
Hard must he fight and must fight long;  
For, ever underneath his feet,  
There will be sparks, there will be heat,  
Left to encompass his defeat,  
And, when the winds blow strong and bold,  
And sparks to living flames unfold,  
A hurricane will be unrolled:  
Still England as a Beacon stands  
And sends her Light to those dark lands.

Though Europe all has fallen prey  
To the cruellest tyrant of any day;  
Unable her countries to defend,  
She needs must to the tyrant bend;  
And Europeans now are slaves:  
Yet still, where her island the ocean laves,  
Britain stands unconquered among the waves;  
Yet still old England's beacon light  
Shines through vile usurpation's night,  
And Britons still for freedom fight:  
Yet England's flag in freedom waves  
Her beacon light across the waves.

Now England, as a Beacon Light,  
Shines through the dark of Europe's night;  
And Britain stands firm by the wave,  
In valour clothed, the world to save.  
Although obscured the way ahead,  
Though trials and tribulations dread  
Even now descend upon her head:  
Yet Britons fight, and still will fight;  
Till sceptred wrong gives way to right,  
And Freedom blaze forth in God's might:  
Still England's Flag, a Beacon bright,  
Across the waves sends Freedom's Light.

## The World of Tomorrow

Through the world, a light now breaks;  
In our hearts, a vision wakes;  
We hope to see fulfilled.  
Satan, now in fury lashing,  
Through the world his sword is slashing;  
All around the world is crashing:  
A Better World is ours to build.

Now grim war her reckoning takes:  
To those fighting for our sakes,  
Our heart with thanks is filled:  
Many are for freedom dying,  
Many homes in ashes lying,  
Children for their parents crying:  
A Happier World is ours to build.

Who live on, shall yet behold  
Dawning of an age of gold;  
Which Liberty has willed.  
Events, which are now occurring,  
In the world's heart are stirring:  
Hearts to God and Right adhering,  
The Brotherhood of Man shall build.

Children suffering here today,  
Those from parents far away,  
And who weep for loved ones killed;  
Through the World a Light is surging,  
In our hearts a need is urging,  
The World in a new order merging:  
The World of Tomorrow is ours to build.

Through the World, a Light is breaking;  
In our hearts, a Vision waking:  
The World of Tomorrow is in the making.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by these words: "When peace comes, it will be for the children of today to make the world of tomorrow a better and happier place." Spoken by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth in her talk broadcast to the evacuated children on October 13th, 1940.*

\* \* \*

### ENGLAND AS A BEACON STANDS

*was inspired by a speech of Wickham Steed's on Oct. 12, 1940, in which he repeated Winston Churchill's words: "That to the darkness of Europe, England may shine as a beacon light".*

## America Awake!

Awake, America, Awake!  
Do not delay another day,  
If you would keep the Huns away.  
Far better that the battle be  
Fought on the other side the sea,  
Than that their planes above you fly  
And bombs and men drop from your sky.  
Now, lest the battle come too nigh,  
And they from you your Freedom take;  
Awake, America, Awake!

Awake, America, Awake!  
Your grandsires fought for Liberty,  
Your fathers fought black slaves to free:  
And surely it must give you pains  
To see whole countries now in chains.  
Those Huns will pause not in their track,  
And you will, too, be on the rack,  
Unless you help to hold them back.  
Ere the World beneath a tyrant quake;  
Awake, America, Awake!

Awake, America, Awake!  
If Freedom perish in our heart,  
Our life, too, might as well depart;  
And he is but an abject slave,  
Who cannot be for Freedom brave:  
But he who dies for Freedom lives.  
He, who his life for Freedom gives,  
While ages roll, his spirit lives  
In the Free World he helps to make.  
Awake, America, Awake!

Awake, America, Awake!  
Don't wait until you see the Huns,  
Don't wait until you hear their guns.  
Don't wait until their engines roar  
Within your sky, within your door.  
Don't let them for your help lack,  
Who now the Huns are holding back,  
For God's sake, do not let them crack.  
For others and for your own sake,  
Awake, America, Awake!

\* \* \*

*Am myself a descendant of the Mayflower and the American Revolution on my mother's side (U.E. Loyalist stock on my father's side), so I speak to Americans as one of them. Of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh blood, born in Canada, and brought up in the States, I am a connecting link between the English-speaking peoples in general, and the United States and Canada in particular.*

## *In the Watches of the Night*

*(a Lullaby Prayer)*

God be with me, lend Thy light;  
When sweet slumbers flee mine eye,  
And when 'all awake I lie,  
In the watches of the night;  
All around me Thy wings spread,  
Where I lie upon my bed.

God be with me, beaming bright,  
God, I know that Thou dost love me,  
Let Thy face now shine above me,  
In the watches of the night;  
Send sweet slumber to mine eyes,  
That refreshed I may arise.

God be with me, hold me tight;  
Gently stoop and kiss mine eye,  
That awake I may not lie,  
In the watches of the night:  
Let me lie upon Thy breast,  
Kiss mine eyes and give me rest.

Let me gather gems of light,  
If asleep I may not lie,  
Under Thy all-seeing eye,  
In the watches of the night:  
Let my soul by Thee be fired,  
Send me of Thy words inspired.

Where I'm lying, oh so weary,  
Through the night so long and dreary;  
Keep Thine eye upon Thy dearie,  
In the watches of the night.

\* \* \*

*This song is included as it led to others.*

---

## *A New Year*

A new year dawns upon the world;  
Let's hope that we may be,  
Ere one more year has rolled around,  
From brutes and gangsters free:  
Let's take them all, and bury them all  
Deep in the deep blue sea.

Then let us try to mould the world  
Nearer the heart's desire;  
So all may share the earthly things,  
And to heavenly things aspire:  
That we may have a brotherhood  
Of all the world entire.

## *The World at Stake!*

*Our Watchword:  
God Speed Us on to Victory*

Now, for our own and others' sake,  
Let us each every effort make,  
And play the game—the world's at stake!  
And, while we count our loss and gain,  
And balance up our joy and pain,  
Let us fight on with might and main;  
And then a new world we shall see,  
When God has gained the mastery,  
And ever let our watchword be  
"God speed us on to Victory".

We all must lose dear ones, alas.  
Let us not grudge to those who pass,  
That they have left this bomb-struck mass.  
For them earth's troubles now will cease.  
They from this life have found release,  
And passed into God's perfect peace.  
They now live on in fuller life,  
Where love replaces war and strife.  
God loved those ones so much, that He  
Has given them their Victory.

Those loved ones dwell with God on high.  
Disturb them not with our rude cry,  
Nor mar their peace even with a sigh:  
For they have passed beyond the tomb,  
And left behind this world of gloom.  
Them to return here would you doom?  
Call them not back with sigh and moan,  
To listen to us grieve and groan.  
They did their bit, and now 'tis we,  
Who must speed on to Victory.

God knows we have not done enough,  
Then on and let us do our stuff.  
This game we play must be played rough!  
Then do not let our courage break,  
A-wake! A-wake! And, for God's sake,  
Let us play rough—the World's at stake!  
When liberty brings earth surcease,  
They will sleep on in greater peace:  
And ever let our watch-word be  
"God speed us on to Victory".

\* \* \*

*Inspired by these words: "God speed you on to Victory",  
spoken by Cecil B. De Mille at the end of the broadcast of  
"Royal Canadian Mounted Police".*

# God Be With Us In the Watches of the Night

## A War Prayer

God be with us through the night,  
God be with Thy people, when  
Bombs are raining down on them,  
In the watches of the night.  
Help us when our lullaby  
Is a roaring in the sky:  
Let us feel that Thou art nigh.  
God be with our batteries roaring  
Death to those through Thy skies soaring,  
In the watches of the night.

God be with us, help us fight.  
God be with Thy soldiers, when  
They are storming Satan's den,  
In the watches of the night.  
Let those people feel Thy blow,  
Who nor love nor God do know:  
Help that gang to overthrow.  
Where those barbarous beasts are raging,  
Help the war that we are waging  
In the watches of the night:

Light Thy lamps of Heaven bright.  
Guard Thy ships where e'er they roam,  
Far across the ocean's foam,  
In the watches of the night.  
Let Thy presence with them be:  
To Thine islands in the sea,  
Let those ships sail home safely.  
Help those who for Thee are warring  
Be with them when guns are roaring  
In the watches of the night.

Thou wilt take to realms of light  
Those who perish for Thy sake.  
In Thy care they will awake,  
In the watches of the night.  
Souls in Heaven now are stirred  
By events which have occurred.  
Angels pray now for Thy Word.  
Angels there with Thee are praying  
Greater strength to bombs we're laying,  
In the watches of the night.

\* \* \*

*God Speed Us On to Victory.*—To note the effect of calling on God's help; imagine yourself in the midst of a battle, and say: "Forward, on to Victory"; then say: "God speed us on to Victory", and note the force it puts behind you.

## *Hitler*

Hitler has outraged the grace  
Of our gracious God above,  
And he'll suffer for his foulness  
From the sternness of God's love.

I should like to see his face:  
When he faces the amount;  
Which He, who notes the sparrow's fall,  
Has charged to his account.

For at last shall come to waste  
He who wastes his master's grain:  
In the cycle of the ages,  
He, as loss, will count his gain.

For beyond there is a space,  
In the spaces, high and low;  
Which is fitted to its merits  
And where each soul must go.

God will place a man so base  
In the basest place we trust;  
For, although our God is merciful,  
We know that He is just.

When he passes to that place,  
Where God places such as he;  
Phantoms of his earthly victims  
All around him he will see.

The same career there he will trace,  
That he traces to his pain;  
When his phantom victims haunt him,  
And he murders them again.

Oh, I wonder in his case,  
And in cases such as he;  
Will he ever reach the Realms of Light,  
In all eternity:

---

## *A Fact*

This is a fact: Let's not forget  
How the Boches' moral broke before;  
The Boches are the same men yet,  
As when they fought in the last war.  
For stamina they seem to lack,  
Sooner or later they're going to crack.

## *Homemakers' Verses*

### *Rolling on Together*

We Home-makers are striving  
That this world may be free:  
We all of us together  
Now fight for liberty,  
And all we can are doing  
To help bring Victory.

When this World War is over,  
And peace again doth reign:  
We then will build a better world  
With all our might and main;  
Where men shall dwell as brothers,  
Nor work for petty gain:

We are rolling on together,  
In a tide that's great and strong;  
Like the Mississippi River,  
It just keeps rolling along:  
Rolling along, Rolling along,  
It just keeps rolling along.

---

### *Let Us Rest In the Arms of the Lord*

Let us rest in the arms of the Lord.  
Though destruction rain around,  
Yet safety will be found  
If we rest in the arms of the Lord.  
From death, from bomb and sword,  
They safety will afford.

Let us rest in the arms of the Lord  
Just rest in the arms of the Lord.

Let us rest in the arms of the Lord.  
Though Satan takes his due;  
And Hell is opened too,  
We can rest in the arms of the Lord.  
He will give us strength to fight,  
And conquer in His might.

Let us rest in the arms of the Lord  
Just rest in the arms of the Lord.

Let us rest in the Love of God.  
If we would ever be  
Strong and blest, great and free,  
It will be through the love of God.  
For, in His realms of love,  
Our God still reigns above.

Let us rest in the arms of the Lord,  
Just rest in the arms of the Lord.



## *Babes on the Deep*

When Thy wee ones, in Thy sight,  
Midst the storm sank 'neath the wave,  
Where no human help could save,  
In the watches of Thy night.  
Angels Thou didst send to reap  
Souls of those who fell asleep,  
Leaving loved ones here to weep.  
Thou wilt give to them their wages,  
Who commit such foul outrages,  
In the watches of Thy night.

Angels saw Thy babes that night,  
Rocked to sleep with such commotion,  
On the wild and stormy ocean,  
In the watches of Thy night!  
Heaven all did vigil keep  
O'er the bosom of the deep,  
When Thy babes there fell asleep,  
Where the stormy waves were raging,  
And the Huns such war were waging,  
In the watches of Thy night.

On that dark and stormy night,  
On the great Atlantic deep;  
When Thy wee ones sank to sleep  
In the watches of Thy night;  
Thou didst brightest angels send  
O'er the raging waves to bend,  
And their heavenly help to lend.  
They to brightest spheres came bearing  
Babes, who crowns of light are wearing,  
In the watches of Thy night.

They are smiling in God's sight;  
Earthly care they will not know:  
God loved them and willed it so,  
In the watches of His night.  
In their filmy robes of white  
Crowned with diadems of light,  
They like stars are shining bright.  
Let us not be vainly sighing,  
And disturb those babes with crying,  
In the watches of Thy night.

\* \* \*

*I know. We lost a little boy of five very suddenly, some  
ten years ago. Written October 30th, 1940.*

## *Ships Are Bearing News to Me*

Ships are bearing news to me,  
Through the surges of the sea;  
Through calm seas, and storms' commotion,  
O'er the great Atlantic Ocean;  
From those Islands in the sea  
Ships are bearing news to me.

Winds of Heaven, o'er the sea,  
Gently waft those ships to me.  
Through the surges of the ocean,  
Heaven guard their every motion:  
From those Islands in the sea,  
Ships are bearing news to me.

Angels guard those ships from harm:  
Let them know no rude alarm.  
Through the great Atlantic surges,  
Where the sky and ocean merges:  
From those Islands in the sea,  
Ships are bearing news to me.

God, watch o'er them from on high,  
Where Thou reignest in the sky;  
See no harm comes to them nigh;  
Keep on them a watchful eye:  
From those Islands in the sea,  
Ships are bearing news to me.

On the bosom of the ocean,  
Ships to me are now in motion:  
O'er the great Atlantic Ocean,  
Ships are bearing news to me.

*Variation: To these Islands in the sea.*

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## *Ships Are Sailing*

Ships are sailing home to me,  
Bearing loved ones o'er the sea.  
Through calm seas, and storms' commotion,  
O'er the great Atlantic Ocean,  
From those Islands in the sea,  
Ships are sailing home to me.

On the bosom of the ocean,  
Ships to me are now in motion:  
O'er the great Atlantic Ocean,  
Ships are sailing home to me.  
etc., like above.

*Variation: To these Islands in the sea.*

## *From Their Islands*

Many of Thy wee ones go  
Now across the ocean's foam,  
Far from all they love and know,  
Far from country and from home.  
From their islands in the foam  
Through the world those children roam.

Far across the ocean's foam,  
Many homes a welcome lend;  
And Thy little ones, who roam,  
There will find full many a friend.  
From those islands now they send  
What their very heart doth rend.

Sometimes those children must be lonely,  
Sighing for their loved ones only.  
When Victory comes, they will go home  
To their islands in the foam.

In those islands in the sea,  
Hard for those now left behind,  
Who of them think anxiously,  
And their places vacant find,  
But their safety bear in mind.  
What a welcome home they'll find!

When at last comes Victory  
There will be a welcome home  
Such as we did never see  
For those children who now roam.  
Some now sleep beneath the foam;  
God has welcomed those ones home.

---

## *The Radio and You*

Upon the night those words came through,  
Which you sent across the sea;  
I felt I was connected, too,  
Up with the radio and you:  
I wonder if you felt it, too,  
When you sent those words to me.

Those living words leaped to my heart,  
Which in some way seemed to be  
Of the radio a part;  
Connected by some vital spark,  
When it was aroused to hark  
To those words you sent to me.

Those words were vital living things,  
And flew to me on airy wings.  
They seemed to know just where to go;  
I'm sure God must have willed it so.

It for a moment seemed, that you  
Were there in the room with me:  
I seemed to feel your presence, too,  
As though your very soul came through;  
I think you must have felt it, too,  
Where you were across the sea.

Those words you sent came straight to me,  
I'm gladder than you'll ever know,  
There was no storm that night at sea  
To keep those words away from me.  
It must have been the calmest sea:  
I'm sure God must have willed it so.

Those words were vital living things,  
And flew to me on airy wings.  
They seemed to know just where to go  
I'm sure God must have willed it so.

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### *In That Night at Waterloo*

It was some hundred years ago,  
When Huns dealt death to soldiers, who  
Fled from the field of Waterloo.  
Those Huns now strike a fallen foe;  
And, as to foe, to friend also.  
It seems that they no honour know.

They are those same boches, who  
Then, as now, no pity knew,  
When the French boys fled before them,  
In that night at Waterloo.

Though in the fight their part was nought,  
Yet Huns with death pursued those, who  
Fled from the field of Waterloo.  
Soldiers, who all that day had fought,  
Were by those Prussian horsemen sought,  
And slaughtered fast as they were caught.

Hard after them the Prussians flew,  
Who to Napoleon were true  
And fought with him at Waterloo.  
No quarter gave, no mercy knew,  
Those sayage Prussian warriors; who  
Slaughtered French boys at Waterloo.

We call down vengeance on those, who  
Neither Love nor God doth know:  
Unfit to be a friend or foe.  
Oh God, for Victory we sue!  
Now let us give them what is due,  
And let this be their Waterloo.

## *Embarking at Dunkirk*

Soldiers, embarking at Dunkirk,  
Thanked Thee for that foggy murk,  
And for the calmest kind of sea,  
Sent them with Heaven's sympathy.

When soldiers embarked at Dunkirk,  
Thou didst send a foggy murk  
To hide them from that tyrant, who  
To eat them was in such a stew,  
When them escaped he did find,  
I'm sure his teeth he well did grind.

Thy soldiers came forth from that trap,  
And Thou didst smooth their way's last lap:  
That Channel, oft so rough and wild,  
Beneath Thy hand grew calm and mild;  
That fishing boats, upon its tide,  
Could to their rescue safely ride.

Thou didst send every kind of boat,  
Which on that becalmed sea could float.  
With gentlest winds, Thou didst waft them  
Back to their island home again;  
Where England stood beside the wave;  
To welcome back the boys she gave.

Thy soldiers showed themselves to be  
Worthy of Thy cause and Thee:  
They sent the wounded on before,  
And well the hardest part they bore;  
Nor made a wild scramble to save  
Themselves, but lives for others gave.

Far had they marched, hard had they fought,  
Who in that awful trap were caught.  
Thou at the Channel stood on guard;  
Its surface not a ripple marred;  
And England stood beside the wave,  
And welcomed back her men so brave.

I'd give a lot to see the face  
Of that villain cruel and base,  
Who thought he held that soldier band  
Within the hollow of his hand;  
When he found the birds had flown  
And reached again their island home.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by Mrs. Robert Nightingale mentioning "That wonderful fog that came over the Channel".*

## *The Heart of Ireland*

Though Irish blood flows in my veins,  
I blush for her to-day.  
When I look on Europe's nations,  
Then on Eire, well I may  
God, let the Saints of Ireland  
Stir Eire's heart to-day!  
For I'm sure deep in my heart;  
When Eire wakes, she'll play her part.  
With so much sorrow in the world  
Sure Irish hearts aren't gay.

Would she stand calmly by and see  
Her neighbor's home struck down?  
Would she stand calmly looking on  
While men and women drown?  
And let the skulking gangsters  
Seek shelter in her town?  
O, tell me God I pray  
Where is Ireland's heart today?  
Sure Irish eyes weren't smiling  
When all those babes went down!

If only of herself she thinks,  
Then let her well beware;  
For, should they strike her neighbor down,  
Those gangsters would be there!  
Though she yield them up her neighbor's life,  
Yet her they would not spare.  
She surely does not deem then,  
If they grabbed the world between them,  
Those gangsters would each other spare,  
And be satisfied each with his share?

Oh, sure the heart of Ireland  
Is on the side of right,  
And many sons of Ireland  
I know for freedom fight.  
O, God of all the nations,  
Arouse her heart to-night!  
Let Thy voice by her be heard:  
She awaits but for Thy Word.  
Oh, let the heart of Ireland stand  
For freedom and for right!

Oh may the heart of Ireland fight  
For God, for freedom, and for right.

## Greece's Glory

To Greece, so great in war and song,  
This little song I send along.

When the gangster, and his henchman,  
Demanded of the Greeks, that they,  
Through their country be allowed,  
To pass upon destruction's way;  
Greek spirit did resist them,  
And their demand gainsay.  
So Greece now has arisen;  
She holds the foe at bay,  
And Greece's ancient glory  
Rests on her brow to-day.

Warned by the fate which others  
Have suffered at their hands,  
Not have the Greeks been minded  
To bow to their commands;  
But strong now Greece has risen  
To defend her lands;  
And, ranked now with God's soldiers  
For Liberty she stands:  
While Greece's Ancient Glory  
Fights with her soldier bands.

The spirit of the ancient Greeks  
Is hurled against that armoured mass  
Of those vile dictators,  
And she will not let them pass.  
Oh, let the world now help her  
Keep inviolate her sod;  
And help her fight for liberty,  
For freedom, and for God.  
Now Greece's ancient glory  
The world again doth laud.

Now God give strength and courage  
To those who fight for Greece,  
Who prefers to fight God's battle  
To an ignoble peace.  
Let God's soldiers flow to help her,  
In a tide that shall not cease;  
Until God's battle has been won  
For Liberty and Peace.  
The world now sees restored again,  
The Glory that was Greece.

Glory rests to-day on the brow of Greece,  
Who was great, and is, in war and peace.

## *London in the Front Line Stands*

Now London in the front line stands,  
While England fights those gangster bands,  
Who'd like to take from her her lands.  
Though bombs drop down upon her head,  
And though they deal destruction dread,  
And death and fires within her spread,  
She cries but for that gangster's head.

Now Londoners in the front line stand.  
They've made the name of London grand:  
A legacy to the future hand.  
For God, the World, and their own sake,  
They all upon the issue stake:  
They show the world what they can take,  
And glorious is the stand they make.

Now London from the front line sends  
A message to her foes and friends:  
She 'neath the strain nor breaks nor bends.  
Where e'er her ships ride on the deep,  
Where e'er her planes their vigils keep,  
Their hearts with greater courage leap,  
When England's message there they reap.

Now in the front line England fights  
To-day the fight for freedom's rights,  
Against the hellish gangsters' might.  
Now London of her courage lends,  
And to the troops her message sends;  
While England with the gangster fends,  
And from defeats she Victory rends.

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## *Where the Channel Waters Rave*

Now let those Channels waters be  
A wildly rough tempestuous sea.  
When those invaders try to cross,  
Let them suffer pain and loss.  
Now let those Channel waters rave:  
Thine Island people let them save.

Guide Thine aeroplanes where they fly,  
O'er those invaders in the sky.  
Guard Thy boats, and let them be  
A menace to them in the sea;  
And, where upon the sea they float,  
Let our shots meet every boat.

Rather than meet welcome so warm,  
They will prefer the wind and storm;  
And rather seek a watery grave,  
Where the Channel Waters rave.



Should they succeed to cross the wave,  
Here they will find a welcome brave.  
Should they reach our Island in the foam,  
They'll know how well we guard our home.  
With such invaders, we'll be frank,  
And welcome them from every bank.  
Beneath the Channel wild and deep,  
There let those wicked gangsters sleep.  
There deep forever let them lie,  
Nor see again Thy beauteous sky;  
For to Thy Heaven, well we know,  
The souls of such will never go.

### *Greece's Glorious Defeat*

Though Greece has fallen, she has fought;  
Nor weakly cringed in fear,  
Nor for ignoble peace she sought  
But sold her liberty dear.  
In slothful ease her choice did not lay:  
Like Hercules, she chose the harder way.  
She fought, as Greeks have fought before,  
Their country to defend:  
And, to her ancient glory, did  
A greater lustre lend.  
She, with her glorious little band,  
Beat back the invader of her land.  
He called upon his gangster friend,  
In shame, and in distress;  
His help against the Greeks to lend,  
So hard they him did press:  
So crushed now by the Nazis' might  
Is she, one country could not fight.  
From Glorious Victory, she was hurled  
To Glorious Defeat.  
With her were the hopes of all the world,  
And the glory her foes did not meet,  
For, when the Future writes the story,  
To Greece will be given all the glory.  
Although defeated, she is true;  
And now must watch and wait  
To see what those still free will do  
To mitigate her fate.  
In subjugation, hard her lot,  
But Honour and Glory she surrendered not!  
Her King escaped the Nazis' wrath;  
And, with his faithful crew,  
He plans now for the aftermath,  
When Greece shall rise anew:  
When she shall help to deal the stroke  
That breaks the Nazis' iron yoke.

## When Stars Are Falling

I really think what we should do now  
Is to get a message through now,  
And warn the planets near and far,  
And put on guard each moon and star.

For, if those gangsters should indeed  
To grab all of the world succeed;  
They then would look beyond earth's bars,  
And cast their eyes upon the stars.

They've cultivated such a taste  
For laying lands and worlds in waste;  
When this whole world did conquered lie,  
They then for other worlds would sigh.

Like birds they then o'er them would fly,  
And drop explosives from their sky;  
And we should see the star-chips flying  
Through the sky—hear planets sighing.

But little would those gangsters care;  
They'd fight each other for their share  
Of the brightest stars that fall,  
For each of course would want them all.

And, when they'd gathered every star,  
And moon, and planet, near and far;  
They then would gaze upon the sun,  
Nor be content till he was won.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think, though, that the stars are safe—  
A hope for them there is in sight;  
For, when they'd grabbed the world between  
them,  
Those gangsters would each other fight.

Each, discontented with his share,  
It seems to me quite plain; that  
They would eat each other up,  
Like that famous dog and cat.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by the words of Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, who, in a speech on the program, "Britain Speaks", spoke of the gangsters setting out to conquer the stars if they should succeed in getting possession of the earth.*

## *Winston Churchill Rose*

When Freedom's cause was shaken  
By vile and ruthless foes;  
Who, savagely and brutally,  
Each neighbor overthrows:  
Then, for the cause of Liberty,  
Great Winston Churchill rose;  
And confidence was restored once more,  
As everybody knows.

In those dark days which followed  
Great France's overthrow;  
When Winston Churchill rose and spoke  
Upon the radio,  
His words of fearless confidence  
Travelled to friend and foe.  
That speech was the greatest tonic  
The world did ever know.

Not great in words alone is he,  
But also great in deeds:  
Great is the cause he champions,  
And great is he who leads.  
And now, within the hearts of men,  
There have been sown the seeds  
By which God, in His wisdom,  
Will uproot those noxious weeds.

The World, which, before those gangsters,  
Had felt so sick and dazed;  
Before the Champion of Right,  
Stands even more amazed.  
Now let us thank the Living God,  
Who such a leader raised;  
And, for the strength and help he gives,  
Now let our God be praised.

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## *Marching On Together*

The English-speaking peoples  
By their faith in God are bound;  
And they have now arisen,  
All the world around.  
God's soldiers now are on the march:  
We hear their tramp resound  
From every corner of the earth,  
Where the British race is found.  
They are marching on together;  
They are marching along,  
Marching along, marching along.  
They are marching on together,

In fair and stormy weather.  
They are singing a song,  
They are marching along,  
Marching along, marching along.  
They are marching on together,  
They are marching along.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by Prime Minister Winston Churchill's speech of December 23, 1940, and particularly by these words of his speech: "The English-speaking peoples are on the march".*

## One Man

By one man Italy was plunged  
Into folly, into shame.  
To him alone is due the blame  
For the blot on her fair name.  
Against her better judgment,  
One man the deed has done;  
That has linked her with the gangster,  
That has linked her with the Hun.

And now her choice is bitter,  
For her army has proved weak  
Against advancing Briton,  
Against advancing Greek;  
So, from her gangster partner,  
For help she now must seek;  
Or yield her to the Briton,  
And yield her to the Greek.

But, more than Greek or Briton,  
She now must dread the Hun:  
In countries they have over-run,  
She has seen what they have done.  
She knows the Hun's lack of respect  
For either friend or foe,  
And well she knows the terror  
Where their Gestapo go.

But even yet 'tis not too late  
To turn aside the blow;  
If she but the dominion  
Of this man will overthrow;  
Then she may take her place again  
Upon the side of Right,  
Her soldiers on the side of God  
In honour yet may fight.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by Winston Churchill's speech to the people of Italy.*

## *The Fate of the Jervis Bay*

When those peaceful ships in convoy,  
Met that pocket battleship,  
But one, among the thirty-eight,  
Was armed upon that trip.  
She was a converted freighter,  
And well did her men know  
Against that type of battleship  
She stood not the slightest show:  
But they straight on death did gaze,  
And went for her with guns ablaze.

If 'twas but for themselves they fought,  
They had been but insane:  
But still that sacrifice they made  
Was far from being vain.  
While they engaged the enemy;  
The convoy spread and flew,  
And did their best to get away  
From that foul raider's view.  
'Twas due to the gallant stand they made,  
That thirty-four ships escaped the raid.

They fought, and fought, and still fought on,  
Amid exploding shell,  
The captain's arm was shot away,  
There rained the bombs of hell.  
They knew they fought a losing fight,  
But flinched not from the awful sight:  
And ever they fought on the same,  
Until their ship was all aflame;  
And then plunged to their watery graves,  
Beneath the great Atlantic's waves.

So long as the race of men shall live  
To tell the deeds of glory;  
So long will the fate of the Jervis Bay  
Be sung and told in story.  
When they, upon that flaming ship,  
Went down beneath the wave;  
All, that a mortal man can give,  
They for their country gave.  
Looking on them from Paradise  
God knew them worthy of the skies.

No men in history's pages  
Went to death in greater glory.  
Let us not weep a tear for them,  
For they've found their Victory.

## *That Swedish Ship*

The captain and men of that Swedish ship  
Were bold and more than brave,  
When they went back to the point of attack,  
The survivors there to save;  
Who after the wreck of the Jervis Bay  
Were floating upon the wave:  
For the captain and crew quite plainly knew  
The risk they ran was grave.  
That sixty-five men were saved was due,  
To the gallant action of that brave crew.  
Of course, in pursuit of the other ships,  
The raider afar did speed;  
But they knew not when her vengeful course  
In their direction might lead.  
'Twas well to the gangsters it didn't occur,  
Anyone could be so brave,  
As to run so very great a risk,  
The lives of others to save:  
But God on them His eye did keep,  
And He was with them on the deep.

\* \* \*

*I presume that the government had reasons for not giving out the name of that Swedish ship.*

*The Jervis Bay; Captain Fogarty Fegan. Sunk Nov. 5th, 1940.*

---

## *God Struck the Blow*

Oh, well our God has punished  
Rumania tonight,  
For yielding way to evil,  
Under threat of Axis might;  
And giving o'er her oil fields  
To be used against the right.  
Because she was a neutral,  
Whom his soldiers could not fight;  
Our God himself took o'er the foe;  
With His own hand He struck the blow.  
The City of Bucharest  
To-night is full of woe  
Because Rumania was too weak  
To say to gangsters, "No".  
In punishment for cowardice,  
God laid her capital low;  
And Bucharest suffers to-night,  
Because God willed it so.  
Our God Himself took o'er the foe;  
With His own hand He struck the blow.

To-night Rumania's oil-fields  
Lie stricken 'neath the sky;  
Great there the loss of labour  
And many people die.  
To-night Rumania wrings her hands;  
Rumanians moan and cry:  
And those, who have escaped God's wrath,  
From it would like to fly  
Our God Himself took o'er the foe;  
With His Own hand He struck the blow.

Rumania deserted  
The cause of God and right,  
And let her mighty oil-fields  
Go to help the gangsters fight.  
Looking on her from Heaven,  
God cursed her in His sight  
And dealt unto her oil-fields  
A blow with all His might.  
Our God Himself took o'er the foe;  
With His Own hand He struck the blow.

---

### *That Unholy Picture*

The nations oft had pictured  
The picture of modern war—  
How great would be its horror,  
In peaceful times before.  
But each one from that horror,  
In horror turned away;  
And hoped they never might see war  
In this, our modern day.

One man gazed on that picture,  
And pictured with what ease,  
By such revolting methods,  
He might the whole world seize.

That country for his tool,  
Which a tool had been before,  
He selected, knowing well  
It alone would be his fool.

Deeply hidden in its woods,  
Where they would be out of view,  
They constructed all the horrors  
Of which the world knew.

He trained the youth to cruelty,  
And cruelty grew apace;  
So that his brutal soldiers  
Of humanity show no trace.

He for a victim chose a country;  
And that country was his own,  
Whose frailty of defences  
To him so well was known.

Then he terrorized his neighbors;  
And his neighbors he laid low,  
And o'er their mangled bodies  
To fresh victims he would go.

No method was too vicious  
For the vicious ends he sought,  
Just so his life alone was safe  
For his soldiers he cared nought.

Oh, great has been the slaughter  
Of slaughtered friends and foes;  
And, when it all is going to end,  
Not anybody knows.

Then his head grew swelled and boastful,  
And he boasted what he'd do  
To the victim he selected next  
To send his horrors to.

He reckoned this time without his host:  
His host, knowing his taste,  
Has prepared a warm reception,  
With which he now is faced.

Whene'er his host receives a call,  
That call he will return;  
So deep a sense of courtesy  
Doth in his bosom burn.

Let God's soldiers now hold Satan back,  
And back let him be turned;  
And stamp out that unholy picture  
Which in his wild brain burned.

Oh, let the world now rise for Right,  
And Right let God restore;  
That the world may live in peace again,  
Even as it did before.

Ere Satan turned his unholy gaze,  
And gazed on that pictured view  
Of what a modern war could be,  
And made that picture true.



## *London's Second Fire*

All who saw it will remember  
The night of the twenty-ninth of December;  
When, amidst the seething flame,  
St. Paul's alone yet stood the same;  
When London's Second Fire brought down  
The grandest buildings of her town.

This was no accidental fire,  
Which brought on her destruction dire;  
This fire was set by fiends of Hell,  
Who knew their work, and did it well:  
And, when in Hell they have been laid,  
May this Hell haunt them, that they made.

Where London's streets all quiet lay,  
At the end of a peaceful day;  
Suddenly from the sky they rain  
The bombs of fire, and death, and pain:  
Streets of buildings soon became  
Living walls of seething flame,

Children, through the spark-strewn street,  
Were carried to a safe retreat;  
Childish hearts in terror crying,  
While the sparks were round them flying:  
From destruction, which around them lay,  
Trains bore the children far away.

While that terrible conflagration  
Burned at the very heart of the nation:  
Seeking to check those flames dread,  
And not allow the fire to spread;  
Many a fireman, grim and brave,  
His life, or more than life gave.

When they brought the fire in check,  
The city's heart lay a wreck;  
Ghastly buildings stared around  
At the debris on the ground:  
Amidst the blackened wreckage there,  
St. Paul's alone stood firm and fair.

Within that great Cathedral's nave,  
Men and women, worn and grave,  
Bowed the head, and knee, there,  
To the Living God in prayer.

I have tried to paint a picture of London during an air raid. These verses were inspired by Robin Duff's eyewitness description of the fire the night the Guildhall was burned, December 29th, 1940, and which he called "the Second Fire of London": I read his description of the fire in a copy of "London Calling", which was sent to me by the British Broadcasting Corporation at Mr. Wickham Steed's request, and for which I am most grateful.

### *They Shall Sing For the Majesty of the Lord In the Isles of the Sea*

They shall sing, they shall sing,  
In the Isles of the Sea;  
Till the Heavens shall ring  
With the Lord's Majesty.

They shall sing—  
Till the waves shall resound;  
And the Heavens shall ring,  
All around—

They shall sing—  
Till the waves shall resound  
And the Heavens shall ring,  
All around—

They shall sing, they shall laud,  
The Majesty of God:  
They shall sing, strong and free  
In the Isles of the Sea.  
We shall hear, we shall hear,  
The echo far and near;  
When the Isles rise and sing  
To Almighty God their King.

When the Isles rise and sing,  
They shall conquer everything;  
For, through the power of song,  
God will make them great and strong.  
He will show that he has heard;  
By the spirit they'll be stirred:  
While they sing His Majesty,  
They will march to Victory.

\* \* \*

Inspired by these lines: Isaiah 24:14, 15. "They shall sing for the Majesty of the Lord . . . in the Isles of the Sea", quoted by Mr. Ernest E. Kirstein in the "Shaunavon Standard" at the head of a poem.

## *America Has Spoken*

America has spoken;  
And now on Freedom's side,  
Firm with the cause of God and Right,  
Her people are allied.  
And now we have the promise,  
From her President's own lips;  
That she will span the ocean  
With a mighty bridge of ships.

She has pledged herself the arsenal  
Of those, who bravely fight  
To defend the Living God,  
And uphold the Torch of Right.  
Ships and planes and guns and tanks,  
And food, too, she will send  
To those, who 'gainst aggression  
Their country must defend.

Now to the hard-pressed people  
Of those Islands of the Sea,  
Who are fighting the death struggle  
For God and Liberty;  
She has sent the Hope and Promise  
Of the Victory to be,  
Pledged from her heart with the clasp  
Of hands across the sea.

America has spoken;  
Now let oppressors heed:  
The Watchword of her people  
Will be Speed, and still more Speed.  
Now keep your heart, oh Britain;  
And keep your hope, oh Greece;  
And struggle on, oh China;  
But with Victory to cease.

\* \* \*

*Inspired by President Roosevelt's speech on the Lease  
and Lend Bill.*

## *Just Plain Dumb*

We've a new name for the cowards,  
Who dwell within our wall;  
Who accepted hospitality,  
And came on us to call:  
And then, when danger threatens,  
And days of stress have come;  
They show themselves afraid of war—  
Their spirit rotten at the core.  
Our President has said it:  
"They are just plain dumb".

We shared with them our heritage,  
Our livelihood, and all;  
They accepted of our substance,  
And now they'd work our fall;  
They'd yield us to the gangsters:  
Everywhere you will find some  
Of these craven spirits, who back-bite,  
And are too cowardly to fight.  
Our President has said it:  
"They are just plain dumb".

---

## *To Russia*

When Napoleon to Russia went,  
A century and more ago;  
Though in soldiers and arms inferior,  
The Russian people well did know  
To leave cleared fields before the foe:  
God grant it may again be so.

Though deep his penetration went,  
For him it was no gain;  
He met but towns in ruins there,  
He met but blackened fields of grain.  
The lesson taught that day was plain:  
God grant it may be taught again.

Oh, may the Russians of to-day  
The tide of Nazism turn;  
And teach the gangsters of this age  
That lesson Napoleon did learn—  
"A people would their capitol burn"  
Rather than it to the enemy turn.

Oh, may the Russian people rise  
Victorious in this unsought fight;  
And all the world come to their aid,  
Who fight now on the side of Right,  
Who fight for Liberty and Light:  
And God uphold them with His Might.

\* \* \* \* \*

But did you hear the news last night?  
How, where the Russians lost the fight;  
They left burned towns and blackened fields,  
Which nought unto the enemy yields.  
The Russians still know how to fight:  
May God uphold them with His Might.

## STAR OF HOPE

By Laura Moore Wright

Tune: Star-Spangled Banner  
Let all people behold

That which dawns on our sight,  
From Freedom and Right  
The New World which is growing  
Where the bright Star of Hope  
Through the clouds of the night  
And the war's desolation  
Her light now is throwing.  
'Midst the battle's red glare,  
And The bombs bursting there;  
We feel there is dawning  
A world much more fair.

Oh, may the whole world,  
Every land of it, be  
A home of the brave,  
And a Land of the Free.

Let us all do our part,  
That our hopes be fulfilled,  
That the New World we build  
Be a full consummation.  
Let us make of this world  
The bright Kingdom God willed,  
And in Brotherhood dwell  
Every people and nation.  
May the World now give birth  
To God's Kingdom on Earth,  
In the knowledge that only  
In Service is worth.

Oh, may the whole world,  
Every land of it, be  
A home of the brave  
And a land of the Free.

## **FREEDOM'S TIDE**

**By Laura Moore Wright**

Tune: Good King Wenceslas  
Home-makers, if we must war,  
Fight with tooth and nail:  
All were lost that went before,  
If we now should fail.  
Fighting onward through the  
night,  
And the wintry gale;  
Wrong shall fall before our  
might,  
And the Right prevail.

Russian people fight to-day  
For the cause of Freedom:  
Their leaders have found The  
Way:

They know how to lead 'em.  
Stalingrad has turned the day,  
Volga River flowing,  
Stopped the Nazis on the way:  
Now away they're going.

Men and women, all allied.  
Fighting to be Free,  
Work together side by side;  
And we soon shall see  
Freedom spreading far and wide.  
Hosts of Wrong now flee:  
Rising in a living tide,  
Right brings Victory.

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**By Laura Moore Wright**

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**Canada**

## THIS CANADA OF OURS

This Canada of Ours,  
Whose vast dominion spreads  
Where Atlantic and Pacific  
Watch from their ocean beds;  
And from the Great Lakes northward  
To the land of ice and snow,  
Where in that land of the midnight sun  
The Arctic waters flow.

This Canada of ours,  
Whose mountains touch the sky;  
Within whose northern fastness,  
Uncounted treasures lie;  
Let all her freeborn children  
Unite to keep her free,  
And in her glorious future  
Our hope shall ever be.

This Canada of ours,  
Whose prairies stretch for miles,  
While over them our western sun  
In glory ever smiles;  
Her deep and mighty rivers  
Rush on to meet the sea;  
They travel on their destined course,  
And so—and so may we.

This Canada of ours,  
Where lakes and dells abound,  
And memories of the Red Man's  
sway  
Are scattered o'er the ground,  
While in primeval forests  
Her wild life still runs free:  
To know and love her better,  
Let this our effort be.

This Canada of Ours,  
God gave to us in trust  
To hold beneath His Powers,  
Which are forever just.  
May God, our Heavenly Father,  
Watch o'er us from above;  
And may His Holy Spirit  
Still guide this land we love.

—Laura Moore Wright,

Box 754

Shaunavon, Sask.

THIS CANADA OF OURS, I wrote in the early spring of 1946 for our Shaunavon District Convention of Homemakers' Clubs (Women's Institute). The theme of the Convention was "To Know Canada Better", and the executive committee asked the club members to write lyrics to sing to well-known tunes at the Convention. They liked to have new songs, which could be sung at the Convention without previous practice by the various clubs attending.

For THIS CANADA OF OURS, I used the tune of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains". It was sung by the whole gathering at the Saskatchewan Provincial Homemakers' Convention, at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, on June 12, 1946, leaflet copies being distributed to all present. THIS CANADA OF OURS was published in THE WESTERN PRODUCER—issue of June 20, 1946. Afterwards, I gave this song a tune of its own and had copies printed with the music.

STAR OF HOPE—A song of the New World, was also sung that year at the Saskatchewan Provincial Convention of Homemakers' Clubs, on June 11, 1946. I had written it the year before for our District Convention. That year, the theme of the Convention was "Better Rural Communities". I enlarged the idea to include a Better World, and wrote to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" — "To Anacreon In Heaven".

THIS CANADA OF OURS, and STAR OF HOPE, were both sung at our Shaunavon District Convention of Homemakers' Clubs, held in July, 1946. THIS CANADA OF OURS was also sung by the Shaunavon Homemakers' Club at their Citizenship Meeting, held early in January, 1947.

LET US RISE; LET US SING, which I wrote to the tune of "God Save the King", was sung at each meeting of the two-day Convention of our Shaunavon District Homemakers' Clubs in 1942.

STAR OF HOPE was printed among the New Year poems in the poetry corner of THE GANANOQUE REPORTER — "With the poets . . . by Max B. Dodds", issue of January 8, 1959. Under it, Mr. Dodds added a note: "Quite a suitable thought for us as we enter 1959, don't you think?"

THIS CANADA OF OURS —all five stanzas, and STAR OF HOPE, together with Mr. Dodd's comments on the poems and on war and peace, occupy the poetry corner of April 30, 1959, GANANOQUE REPORTER.



## *The Russian Bear*

He sent his men to bring him back  
The great big Russian Bear.  
He forgot the Russian winter;  
Forgot the Cossacks there.

They disregarded treaties,  
Pledges, and friendship's laws;  
But when they came to take him,  
They found that he had claws.

Now, before the Russian winter,  
And the Cossacks, Hitler groans;  
While his soldiers pave those cold bleak  
    plains  
With another road of bones.

While after them the Cossacks ride,  
With sabres in their paws;  
And show them that the Russian Bear  
Is still possessed of claws.

---

## *Our Freedoms*

We yet shall save the World for God,  
If we fight hard to-day;  
Save for ourselves, and our children's sake;  
The right to worship and pray:  
Let Freedom's flag now be unfurled  
In every corner of the world.

We shall have freedom of speech and thought,  
And freedom from want and fear.  
The better world, for which long we have  
    sought,  
Shall, after this war, appear.  
When brave men rise the World to free,  
"There can be no end, but Victory".

\* \* \*

*Inspired by President Roosevelt's speech of January 6th, 1941, in which he spoke of the Four Freedoms—freedom of thought and speech, and of religion, and freedom from want, and from fear in any part of the world. The last words of his speech were: "There can be no end but Victory". He mentioned these Four Freedoms again in his speech of February, 1942.*

V . . . —

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